THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 11, 1830. No. 2.

Treatise on Optics.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreampt of in your philosophy."

WITH due deference to that most grave and definitive class of men, termed Mathematicians, and disclaiming all intention of encroaching upon their imprescriptible, unalienable, or copyrights, we would venture to advance some of our own opinions with regard to Optics. We do not profess to have thoroughly digested the subject, and we hardly dare flatter ourselves that we shall be able to treat it in that logical and profound manner, which is so eminently necessary to its entire elucidation; but trusting to the forbearance of our fellow pioneers in the natural sciences, we are willing to abide by the decision of our enlightened public.

In the vast lecture room of creation, where natural philosophy is taught us by Dame Nature, Optics occupies a distinguished place.—The apparatus by which its principles are demonstrated, and the experiments themselves, are on a scale of proportional magnificence. The floating fields of vapor are its dioptrical instruments, and the broad surface of the sleeping ocean, its catoptron. To account for its varied phenomena has been the labor of our worthy predecessors; and peace be to their ashes and their works,

"Somnos quæ invitant leves."

There is, however, one feature in this branch of the natural sciences which has escaped the notice of the most persevering physiographists. We mean expression, or the dioptrics of the face. This we shall term by way of distinction, physiognomical optics. The thoughts which emanate from the mind are subject to the same essential changes in their passage through the countenance, which result from the transmission of solar light through a prism, viz. they are resolved into their simple constituents parts, and exhibited like the prismatic colors. There is no shade of feeling too delicate and subtile for the action of this carnal prism. The baleful flames of passion form the red; the orange and yellow are the joint products of patriotism and jealousy; hope is depicted in the green; soaring ambition and tumid pride, in the blue and indigo; while the gentle and lovely graces of modesty are sweetly shadowed forth in the retiring violet. These colors, before subjected to the prism, are blended together in that Promethean ray, termed the mind or soul. All faces are not equally adapted to this prismatic analysis of the mind, but are sufficiently so for ordinary purposes of life. It is a general law of Optics, that light is differently affected by the different media through which it passes, and assumes in some measure the distinguishing characteristics of these translucent substances. Youthful prisms afford the most perfect and unvarying results in their action on the mental light. Every ray is rendered distinctly visible and is presented in its strongest color. But by some strange obliquity in the course of nature, these prisms undergo such a radical change, and become so materially defective, that age renders them in a great measure useless. They no longer exhibit that lovely combination, that harmonious variety of mental colors, which form the spirit and spell of intellectual beauty; but invariably resolve all the passions into one gloomy and portentous ray, that seems like the rod of Aaron to have swallowed its compeers. After a man has passed the age of thirty-five, nothing is a more fallible index of his mind, than his face. It veils the secret workings of the soul under its cold, passionless, pseudomorphous surface, and exposes to view only the snows and glaciers which conceal the volcano. This is owing to the progressive opacity of the prism, a circumstance which finally renders it useless in the investigation of physiognomical optics.

Although these rays move in rectilenear lines, they are, individually, more or less refrangible. The ratios of their respective refrangibilities cannot be determined with precision, but the following law, dicovered by Descartes approximates very nearly to the truth. "The sine of the angle of incidence has to the sine of the angle of reflection a constant ratio for all angles of incidence, when the media are the same." Although this law has obtained in *general* optics, it is equally applicable to the particular branch now under consideration. The stronger rays, as anger, jealousy, &c. are less refrangible; while the more ambiguous are capable of indefinite deflection. Thus, ambition and hope may be refracted in any direction. For illustration,—let the present Cabinet represent the prismatic colors, with the exception of the violet. Place the "Farmer" at the head, and Mattie for the blue, (we disclaim all allusion to defunct parties.) Thus we see that the red

pursues its course with the undeviating consistency of a bomb shell, and at the same time exhibits all the phenomena of complete polarization; while the flexible blue is nearly lost sight of in the multitude of its obliquities. Hence the corollary, that self-interest is the most powerful of all the media, and effects the most intimate assimilation of the rays to its own distinguishing qualities.

Several very accurate experiments have been made with the differential thermometer of experience, to ascertain the relative degrees of heat transmitted with these rays, or excitable by them; and here, also, it has been discovered that the result depends almost entirely upon the media through which they pass. In woman, the maximum of heat is situate between the orange and yellow; *i. e.* between vanity and jealousy: while in man it is between the blue and the yellow. It is unfortunate for the cause of science, that this important point remains as yet in comparative obscurity; and that the profoundest researches of philosophers have only accumulated a mass of contradictory facts, that seem to render its entire elucidation absolutely impossible. Alas! for the obtuseness of human reason! Alas! that man should so frequently have cause to exclaim,

"Oh star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
"To bring us back a message of despair!"

However, the fact that there are some things which we do not fully understand, should not beget doubts with regard to the certainty of knowledge respecting what we do know, but should be imputed rather to some defect in ourselves, than to any positive heterogeneity in the established laws of nature.

Having thus unfolded some of the fundamental principles of physiognomical optics, it remains to trace its application to the various purposes of life, and to enumerate a few of the advantages which may be derived from an accurate knowledge of this most important subject.

It has already been observed, the passions are the prismatic colors, or constituent parts of the mind, and the face is the prism which resolves them. By continued observation, and by a critical comparison of different spectrums with their relative prisms, certain general coincidences will be detected, which may be assumed as data in *a posteriori* reasoning to determine a man's character from his face. Thus, if it be found that similar prisms invariably produce similar spectrums; and that any analogy between the spectrums is invariably accompanied by a corresponding analogy between their respective prisms, we may reasonably conclude that this is a fixed law of nature; and may judge of the spectrum, or its original, the mind, by an examination of the prism alone. There may, in particular cases, be deviations from this general rule, but they will be so few, as to warrant us in classing them under the head of exceptions, rather than contradictions. Having premised thus much, we now proceed to make application of our theory.

Observe this man whose face is composed into a most determined gravity.—A gravity which seems to say in the words of Shakespeare, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." Watch the sepulchural solemnity with which he turns away his eyes from the contemplation of pleasure in its most innocent forms. See the air of abstraction with which he turns the leaves of his musty mind; selects and cons over his hacknied saw, and permits it to walk out of his mouth. His prism has described his character with the accuracy of a warranty deed.

"Oh what authority and show of truth
"Can cunning sin cover itself withal!"

Watch the changes of this man's face,—the gesticulation of feature—the contortion of muscle which has wrenched his countenance into "a tablet of unutterable thought." Mark the cold, deadly sweat that is gathering on his brow, and the fearful erection of his hair, as he gazes upon the shades of murdered ideas that stalk like the ghosts of Banquo through the phantasmagora of his brain. The throes of his visage proclaim the agony of the innerman while it is "giving vast conceptions birth," and tell us in language which cannot be misunderstood, that we gaze upon a poet.

And here permit us to pause for a moment and contemplate with admiration this noblest of sciences, viz: physiognomical optics. The most etherial philosopher of antiquity, in his most unearthly mood, and when he permitted his imagination

"Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa,"

never dreampt of any thing so novel in its character, so simple in its principles, and so useful in its application! Who, if left to grope his way by the dim light of nature, and compelled to take naked common sense for his guide, would not have erred widely from the truth in his conclusions with regard to the mind of the poet above cited? Would he not have mistaken his fixed and abstracted gaze, for the stare of the idiot? his high and mysterious inspiration for the ravings of the lunatic? And if left to judge of men by their actions, without any assistance from this science, into what an endless maze of error and misconstruction should we be led! How often would patriot-

ism be mistaken for a selfish desire of popularity, and its concomitant, office! How often would profound learning be deemed the pompous verbosity of him "who has been at the feast of languages and stole the scraps!" politeness, the affectation of the dandy; and beauty, the result of the far famed Mrs. Cantelo's fabrications!

But, to return from our wanderings, we will illustrate by one more example, the application of this science to the purposes of life. Observe this prism, or in other words, this face. It is unlike any thing else in heaven, or on earth, or under the earth;—it is an anomaly in nature. See the elevated brows—the compressed lips—and that literary, umpiric air which has spread itself over the whole countenance. Poets have sung that woman's eye was dangerous, in fine, that it was Cupid's catapult; but this eye seems a mere lumber-room of quotations—a *memento mori* of a family library. Mark the dictatorial manner in which the leaves of the latest publications are turned over, and the fate of their authors sealed by the significant shake of her head. It is a literary woman,—a blue stocking.

Napoleon before Moscow.

Full on the Gallic legions' van,
Old Moscow's lofty turrets shone,
And Gallia's haughty chief began
To triumph in the victory won.
High were his hopes; that hour of fame,
His fancy heard her trumpet-peal,
Saw, at the magic of his name,
Earth's trembling monarchs kneel.
And proudly to the past he turn'd—
Again the battle round him burn'd,
And many a bloody day
With all its horrid scenes renew'd,
In dread relief before him stood:
He saw the ranks give way,
Heard to the foeman's battle-shout,
His own ring clear and boldly out;
And as the eager hosts of France
On to the dreadful charge advance,
Heard their loud pæan sound afar,
The sound of vengeance and of war.
"Wave our country's banners high,
Let the eagles greet the sky;
Lances are gleaming in the sun,
Another charge and the fight is won.
Though on the battle storm will fly
Many a noble soul away,
'T were better in the field to die,
Than live and lose the day.
The mother, when the strife is done,
May seek among the slain her son;
And on the field stretch'd pale and cold,
The orphan may his sire behold;
But fear we not,—the sons of France
Ne'er cower'd to the sabre's glance:
The soldier has no tear to shed,
When once he's drawn the battle blade—
No thought for home or friends afar,
When mingling in the storm of war."

But why that start? A cry of war
By twice ten thousand demons given,
Could not that fearful moment more
The spirit of their chief have riven,
Than sounds which his recoiling soul
Drank in from some mysterious tongue;
For like the thunders awful roll,
The voice of retribution rung.
"Go on, Destroyer! in thy wrath
Go on! and in thy bloody path
Let the lovely and the virtuous die;
Thy curse upon yon burning sky
Is written: Blench not to behold
The flaming characters unfold;
Ne'er didst thou shed soft pity's tear,
Thy iron heart ne'er throb'd with fear;
Thou hast look'd down on thousands lying
O'er battle plain in anguish dying,
And fear'st thou now? thou well mayst fea
If honor to thy dark soul 's dear.
Let thy course be swift as the swollen flood,
Let thy pathway be mark'd with burning and blood,
Soon the chill snows on thy bravest shall lie,
When to soothe their last pangs not a friend will be nigh.
In the ranks of those who for homes and for altars
Are fighting, there is not an arm that falters!

Th' illusion past, reality
Burst on him like an earthquake's crash:
The foe had rear'd the brand on high,
And bickering flames terrific flash
From a thousand roofs to heaven.
On its destroying way it takes,
With unresisted power;
Upon its deep foundation shakes
The time-defying tower;
And in the consecrated aisles,
By heaven's adorers trod,
Fell, smouldering, ruins—piles on piles
Usurp the house of God.
The peasant hut, the princely hall
In smoking fragments lie;
A thousand homeless wretches call
For vengeance to the sky.

Soon Gallia's haughty banner riven,
Down to the earth shall bow,
And woe to Gallia's chief, for Heaven
Hath turn'd Avenger now! D.

"Still to ourselves, in every place, confined,
"Our own felicity we make or find."—*Goldsmith.*

As bitter and common as are the complaints which men make of their exposure to adversity and sorrow, I incline to the opinion that this is, upon the whole, a delightful world, and that most of our misery is imaginary. On every side what a variety of pleasures rise to view, and demand an entrance into our bosoms? Here, nature spreads her exhaustless sweets and bids us welcome to her banquet; there, friendship, with gentle though liberal hand, offers consolations which may alleviate the keenest anguish, and enkindle in the hearts a glow of nature. Here, honorable ambition calls upon us to aid in the advancement of our country's glory, and to inscribe our names; not on the ephemeral monuments which man can erect—but on the hearts of a great and gallant nation; and, there, the humbler walks of life invite us to participate in delights to which power and affluence cannot attain. Come not, then—thou votary at the shrine of melancholy—too hastily to the conclusion, that, upon your devoted head, an uncommon share of human misery is to fall;

sink not too readily into despondency, sacrificing, to the ideal evil spirit, all the bright visions of fancy; think not—because no lovely prospect now lies before you—that your spirit may never again be buoyant and glad. Why are you so miserable? Your desires, unless extravagant, may be gratified. Would you enjoy the calm pleasures which rural scenes afford?

"The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
"The simplest note that swells the gale,
"The common air, the sun, the skies,
"To thee are opening paradise."

Go forth with the morning, and inhale the balmy, animating breath of Autumn. Brood not, forever, over unreal woes? Though a russet, mournful hue now begins to invest all things, in token of winter's dread approach—though the radiant orb of light, in part, withholds his cheering influence—spring shall return and clothe the earth in loveliness once more. The rose, and the lily shall again delight the eye, and again perfume the atmosphere. The mellow music of the whippoorwill shall echo from yon forest, where now

"Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

And have you no sympathy with nature? May not brighter days arise? Though grief may now obscure each ray of joy, and wither up each hope that springs within your breast—yet remember, that

"thé darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have past away."

But, if all these appeals of nature are insufficient to awaken your heart to cheerfulness and gaiety, then tremble, lest fixed and gloomy sullenness succeed, for which there is no charm in the evening sky—no beauty in the blushing rose—no solace in affliction—no pleasure in the remembrance of innocence itself! Let the wretch, whose guilt renders the presence of man hateful and appalling, seek in the caves of earth, freedom to indulge the deadly gloom that justly rests upon his soul—but let not the man who loves social happiness, surrender to the ills of life, and wish he had not existed. Let him cultivate that liveliness of disposition which, while it heightens all the joys of its possessor, never fails to diffuse a joyous influence on every thing around.—But, while I, thus strenuously, urge the possibility, and the necessity of efforts to promote cheerfulness, my mind, involuntarily, revolts from the idea of attempting, with the haughty stoic, to maintain, that all our grief is visionary, and that pain is not an evil. Transient are all human things. Disappointment, disease, and death, are the uniform inheritance of man. Often must we witness the distresses of others, and often taste the cup of bitterness ourselves. Yet when the storm has spent its violence, and the clear blue sky returns in beauty above us, the vernal blossom shows a lovelier tint, and yields a richer fragrance. To bend, in deepest anguish, over the couch of a friend whose vigor is wasted by disease—whose reason is perchance dethroned—and whose spirit seems lingering but a moment ere it bids farewell—is a task to which man is not unfrequently, subjected. Yet, when health again flashes in that man's countenance, and relumines the faded lustre of that eye, and our friend attends us in the evening ramble, how exquisite become the pleasures of his society! And do we not owe much of this felicity to our friend's recent illness—to the agonies which we beheld him endure—to our own fearful apprehensions that soon we must close his eyes in death, and consign him to

"The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm."

Yes! without these mournful scenes, we might never have estimated, at their true value, the excellencies of his character. Indeed, calamity seems to have been designed, not so much to diminish the sum of our enjoyments, as to give them a livelier relish—not so much to drive us to despondency, as to induce us to act with energy in the consummation of our wishes. An excessive indulgence, then, in sadness, is ingratitude to the benevolent Author of our existence; and, while exertions to banish from our minds all unnecessary solicitude for unknown evils may be crowned with triumphant success, they are due, alike, to the interests of society, and to our own welfare. AMICUS.

Sunset.

Oh! come ye forth, ye worshippers
At nature's holy shrine,
And gaze abroad that ye may know
Your Maker is divine.

A calm and glorious radiance
Rests peacefully upon
The bosom of the distant hills,
Around the setting sun.

Come look upon its beauty
Before it fades away;
It is the golden veil that hides
The farewell beams of day.

'Tis like the boon of friendship
That steals upon the heart,
And seems by far the fairest where
It's beauty must depart.

See ye the playful lingering
Of yonder truant beam,
That dances carelessly upon
The bosom of the stream?

And mark ye well how wishfully
It still prolongs its stay,

As though it hoped to linger there
Until another day?

But now it quickly glances
On yonder towering tree;
And soon it takes its final flight
Across the azure sea,

To join the glorious caravan,
That rolls its constant light,
In shining circles round the world
And drives the shades of night.

Oh! that the beams of happiness
That bid a long farewell,
Would sometimes roll across the soul
And sorrows might dispel! MORTON.

College Influence.

Some men seem to "skate over life," without interruption or notice, and to leave no impression upon the world of matter and mind through which they pass. There are few, however, of this description, and the little influence they exert upon society is owing to rather a remarkable coincidence of a retiring disposition with a retired life. Human nature is generally too fond of the bustle and circumstance of life, to leave the friendships, intercourse, and enjoyments of society, for obscurity and retirement. With its known inclination to be seen in the world, and enjoy the pleasures arising from the approbation and favor of mankind, as well as the delight of more endearing private friendship, there is probably no place in which a person exercises so powerful and lasting an influence as in College.—Here there is a constant intercourse, and the influence exerted is repeated at short intervals, the attrition of mind upon mind keeps the attention awake and gives a shape and complexion to the thoughts.—Not as with those who are separated by distant intervals, is their influence spread over a wide surface of society and necessarily enfeebled by the distance of its object, but by the narrow circle to which it is confined, a small space is made to feel the force of its concentrated power.—There are also many things which go to strengthen and confirm the impressions made by their frequent intercourse, and give them lasting and durable character.—Who, for instance, when he enters the Chapel at morning or evening prayers and looks around upon his fellows, reflecting that they all belong to the same institution, are united by the same common interests, pursuing the same general course, and soon to be separated and lost in the wide world, does not feel for them the warmest emotions of friendship and love?—At such times the soul is all awake, and a mutual feeling of attachment is created which excites the warmest and strongest emotions even at the mention of the name—*student*. Impressions made at such times I need not say are deep and lasting, and interwoven with associations which are as durable as if they had been stamped upon the soul with the signet of Heaven.

The mutual influence exerted here is also not a little increased by the similarity of the studies which are pursued.—The influence which study has upon the mind is not only to discipline and strengthen it, but it forms to a considerable extent, its character and habits.—The same studies have very nearly the same influence upon the persons by whom they are pursued.—The natural consequence, then, of a similarity of studies is a *similarity* in the habits of feeling and thought.—There is a union so prevalent and palpable through College in the habits of mind and general complexion of thought, that touching simply a string produces a reiteration that is felt with increasing strength through every part. In a society where the mind is distinguished by such characteristics, and the feelings move on in concert, the influence of its individual members so often repeated, must be of the most lasting and durable kind. This influence in its onward flow, by the strong feelings of friendship and the mutual attachments which are formed, receives a character peculiarly endearing and sacred—one which will give it increasing power over the soul while the least recollection of College scenes lingers on the mind.

It is from these and many other considerations that we conceive the influence, exerted during College life to be strong and lasting in its effect and duration—the impressions made are peculiary powerful—the associations are so interesting and characterestic that they are not lost until long after the occasions which gave them birth have faded from the mind—This renders the relation in which each student stands to his fellow, the most favorable for exerting a deep and lasting influence—one which shall be felt at the most distant period of coming time, and contribute powerfully to sustain the increasing reputation of our beloved Alma, until we can say in the language of the noble Poet,

Alma
Nunc sese attolit in auras, et caput inter nubila condit.
J.

Grecian Games.

Popular diversions give a fair index of a nation's character. Nothing can be popular and permanent, without the will of the people. If a nation is enslaved by superstitions, greedy for war, or rising in the arts of refinements, it

will be manifest in their public amusements. The games of Greece, from the time of her rise till her fall as a nation, from the early days of her republic till she became a vassal of the Roman power, and her will was merged in the will of her conquerors, give fair proof of this statement. And the triumphs and shows of Rome from Romulus to Augustus, were a fair comment on Roman character.

Games were early instituted in many parts of Greece, not like institutions of the present day, enjoying merely an ephemeral existence, and then passing into forgetfulness, but they became in reality the landmarks of time. It was peculiarly so with the Olympic games. Why these gained a superiority over all the others, was never known. It is sufficient that all Greece aknowledged the superiority. These games were celebrated at Olympia, from whence their name was derived. It is said they were first celebrated in Elis by the Illei Dactyli, 1453 years B. C., one year previous to the death of Moses in the land of Moab. They were again celebrated by Hercules, when he had conquered Augias, 1222 years B. C. For a time they were neglected, and when Greece was rent with civil discord, and all human aid seemed powerless, the king of Elis applied to the oracle at Delphi for counsel. The response told him that the Olympic must be re-established, for on this was suspended the welfare of Greece. It was said that the god to whom these games were dedicated, and Hercules by whom they were renewed, indignant at their decline, were sending these miseries upon the Grecians, a merited reward for their stupidity. King Iphitus yielded obedience to the oracle, and from this time, 884 years B. C. the regular Olympiad is dated, although some have placed it 108 years later.

In early times, much superstition and devotion to their fabled gods, were interwoven with their diversions. The sacred games, says Gillies, were intimately connected with the whole system of polity, whether civil or religious. Homer and Pindar testify, that they were celebrated on funeral occasions, in the heroic ages. In their most perfect form, they consisted in exhibitions of the stadium, accompanied by elegant entertainments in music and poetry. There were also exhibitions in boxing, wrestling, the pancratium, the discus or quoit, and racing. Racing was held in the highest estimation: the stadium, or race course, was 636 feet in length. The candidates took oath that they had exercised ten months; they were forbidden the use of wine, and their regimen was in every respect hard and severe. Horace alludes to this when he says, he that would first win the goal, "abstinuet vino,"—abstains from wine. And Paul also, when he says to his brethren, "those who strive for the mastery, are temperate in all things." The candidates were, moreover, sworn on the limbs of a swine, slain for the purpose, that they were freemen, and that they would use no fraud in their games. The rewards were wreathes of wild olive, pine, parsley, or laurel, always attended with branches of palm, which on account of its elastic powers was considered a symbol of the champion's courage. The prizes were suspended in the middle of the stadium, to remind the racers of their reward. Boxing was attended with the greatest danger, for the combatants covered their hands with leather, plated with metal, called the cestus or gauntlet. As it was a principle never to cease fighting till quarter was asked, and the Grecian heart being averse to this, few came from the combat without mellowed heads and lacerated countenances. When horses and chariots came into use in war they were brought into these games and the most renowned of all their exercises were chariot and horse races. No female was permitted to attend or cross the river Alpheus into Olympia, during the exibitions, on peril of being thrown from mount Typarus. But as a recompense, a festival, appropriate to themselves, was instituted by Hypponia in honor of Olympian Juno. The virgins contended in foot races of 530 feet in length, and an olive crown was proffered as a reward to the conqueress. But a still more enticing reward was the privilege given to the victorious virgin of having her picture drawn and hung up in the temple, a remembrance alike of her grace and her glory.

These games tended to foster and refine the poetical and musical talent in Greece. Their racing (in which they made no mean proficiency if it is true that Phaulus cleared at once fifty-two feet)—and their wrestling gave nerve and strength to the whole body. Exercising in throwing the discus, trained them for sustaining heavy bodies and throwing the spear and javelin, taught them how to wield these weapons with effect against their enemies, and boxing gave them skill in grappling with their enemy in close combat. Besides, these games at the beginning of every fifth year or fiftieth month, according to their reckoning—brought into friendly alliance, the different states of Greece where they learned the strength, hope and fears of each other, and contributed to make Greece a happy, enlightened, and energetic nation.

EXPLORATOR.

THE institution which always needs reform is, at least, a suspicious one.

"Oh that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river."—ISAIAH xlviii. 18.

1.

I saw a stream.—Its waters wildly roll'd
In restless eddies; and the fretted foam
Vanished and came as to their far off home
Th' unwilling waves glide slowly, and oft turn
In backward flow; these, waves succeeding spurn,
Then onward murm'ring low their course, reluctant hold.

2.

It was the stream of life.—Its surface bore
Unnumber'd mortals, and the turgid wave,
Swift in succession swept them to the grave;
And as it near'd th' illimitable sea;
Wide wondrous ocean! dread Eternity!
One shriek of woe ascended, and I saw no more.

3.

Dimm'd was my sight, and sickened was my soul.
Is this, I sigh'd, our being?—this our end?
To toil one hour,—then to the tomb descend?
Let me not live, nor idly waste my breath
In empty wishes to escape the death
That in oblivion shrouds th' unbounded whole.

4.

Hush! cried the voice Eternal wisdom gave;
Look where yon silent-stealing river flows;
This, this, it said, this is the boon of those
Whose names are register'd beyond the sky;
Tranquil their life, and when their spirits fly,
They reap immortal blessedness beyond the grave.

5.

I turned;—soft beaming on my raptured sight
A still clear stream, 'twixt leaf-clad borders flow'd,
On its pure bosom sportive sunbeams glow'd;
While those it wafted calm, with cheerful mien,
Eye the gilt clouds or view the landscape green,
Till the scene fades in rays of everlasting light.

FLORIAN.

The Undergraduate.

ALTHOUGH it devolves on us to exercise a censorship over The Undergraduate, our readers must not expect to hear from us in an official capacity as often as it is issued. We shall, however, as often as circumstances require, present them with remarks under the above head.

From the appearance of our second number, we presume our readers will be convinced of our punctuality in performance of our promises, particularly the one indicating that our paper was designed to gratify all tastes. 'Tis as yet, however, so few weeks since we had determinmined to issue a publication, that we have scarce found our "line of direction," and if "those who *think*" are disposed to cavil at our paper because it contains too little *thought*, they will do well to remember with the wizard, that

"Coming events cast their *shadows* before."

We ought not, perhaps, to omit our acknowledgment of the kindness of those Gentlemen Editors who have been *guilty* as it would seem, of infinite condescension in speaking kindly of our paper; and meantime those who have given us a civil notice will accept our thanks.

This, we hope, is the last number we shall issue on this sheet, which, as indicated in a notice by the printer, is not of such quality as we had expected. EDITORS.

Items of News.

There is one fact belonging, perhaps, to the sketch of Middlebury College, which has been published,—that is worth mentioning. It is, that the first Sabbath School established in this region, and so far as is known, the first which was started in New-England, commenced in this village, at the suggestion and by the aid of Students of College. It was in 1815, soon after the establishment of Sabbath Schools in Philadelphia, that the students of Princeton College became acquainted and interested with this system of Bible Instruction for children, and wrote on the subject to the Philadelphian Society of Middlebury College. The Rev. Mr. Bingham, now at the Sandwich Islands, and the Rev. Mr. Root, now settled in Cincinnati, (then both members of our Seminary,) interested themselves in the matter, and two Schools were soon in operation; one of which for some time kept in the kitchen of a pious lady in the east part of the village, and another in a building now occupied as a store in the western part. A number of those first Sabbath Scholars, are now active members of the Church of Christ; and one has been a member of the College Faculty.

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A meeting of Teachers and other friends of education—to which the name of "Vermont Lycem" has been given—met at the State House in Montpelier, last Thursday week. Hon. Robert Pierpoint of Rutland, was called to the Chair, and Rev. J. Tracy of Windsor, appointed Secretary. It was reported that twenty-five town Lyceums have been in operation in Windham, Windsor, Rutland, Orange, Washington, Chittenden, and Orleans Counties—and although in some instances feebly sustained, they have nevertheless produced much and substantial good. The meeting resolved to call a Convention of Teachers and others, for the purpose of forming some permanent and regularly organized body to promote the interests of education in this state.

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We have perused, with much interest, extracts from an Address of the Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, delivered before the P. B. K. of Yale College at its late anniversary. The subject is, the advantages of making the Bible and Sacred Literature an essential part of all education. Mr. G. says, that "Christians—yes, professors of the religion of the Cross—yea, the very ministers of that Cross, seem to have resolved that in schools and Colleges, the Pagans of Greece and Rome shall form the minds, the hearts and characters of Christian youth. And yet of all the multitude, thus combined to maintain a state of things so singular and unpropitious, there is not one who will admit a comparison between the Bible and the Classics, whether we look to duty and usefulness, or to Literature." The ig-

norance of our educated men—we mean those of this town and state—in respect to the Bible, is most deplorable; and while we shall scarcely find a student but would blush to betray ignorance of the character and writings of Horace or to blunder in regard to some question of heathen mythology, they still think little or nothing of being miserably destitute of any just knowledge of the history, eloquence, and poetry of the Bible. How many are there of our fellow students who can tell what is the subject of II. Kings? what are the prominent thoughts in the book of Esther? or who was the writer of the book of Acts?

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There have recently been elections in a number of States, of great interest to the politicians, as they are supposed to indicate the probabilities of Gen. Jackson's re-election or otherwise. The annual election in Maine, and in New-Jersey have resulted in the triumph of Jacksonism—to the great disappointment of the *Clay men*. Delaware, Maryland, and Ohio, (with, it is supposed, two or three of the small western states,) have gone for Clay—to the disappointment, of course, of the Jackson party. Pennsylvania shows a great gain to anti-masonry, the working men, &c. but the old Jackson party is still immensely strong in that state. In New-York, the election which is just closed, shows the Jackson party to be a great majority. In Massachusetts, the Jackson party make a feeble appearance—Among the gentlemen there elected to Congress, is Ex-President Adams. In the Southern States, the Administration still seems to carry most of the people against Mr. Clay. We are glad to see, that in South Carolina, the nullification party, who have been laboring to induce a popular resistance to the tariff laws, are defeated in the elections just closed. On the whole, Gen. Jackson's Administration seems still to retain a great share of the public favor.

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The Rev. James Sabine, who has been for some time a Presbyterian Clergyman in Boston, and who lately took orders of Bp. Griswold, has been appointed Rector of the Episcopal Church, in Bethel, Vt.

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The catalogue of Harvard University, gives as the number of Undergraduates in that seminary, 247; Theological Students, 36; Medical, 91; Law, 31.——The last catalogue of Amherst College, gives as the number of students, 188; the Freshman Class consisting of 37.

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Gov. Crafts has appointed Thursday, the 2d day of December, to be the annual Thanksgiving in this state. The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed the same day for Thanksgiving in that commonwealth. And the Governors of Connecticut and New-Hampshire, have appointed Thursday, the 25th inst.

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We regret to learn that the Methodist parsonage house, barn, &c., in Charlotte, occupied by the Rev. Tobias Spicer and Rev. Amos Hazelton, were consumed by fire on the morning of the 30th ult. Nothing was saved from the flames; Mrs. Spicer was somewhat burnt in rescuing one of her children. The loss is estimated at $1800.——The dwelling house of Mr. Giles S. Isham of Colchester, was entirely consumed by fire, a few days since. It was insured $400.——The large tavern house in Franconia, N. H., occupied by Mr. Ely, was burnt a short time since. Most of the furniture was saved.

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Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door; in the morning it read, all sorts of *Turning and Twisting done here.*

MARRIED,

In Sharon, Hon. Josiah Dana of Chelsea to Miss Desire Lathrop. In Burlington, Mr Wm. Willson to Miss Tina Almira Davids. In Williston, Mr Lyman Hoyt to Miss Aseneth Whipple. In Sudbury, Mr Abraham C. Allen to Miss Eunice Woods. In Chester, Mr Samuel Morgan of Vergennes to Miss Frances Onion. In Colchester, Rev. Charles P. Clark, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, New-York, to Miss Polly Meroa, daughter of Rev. Nicholas White. In Windsor, Dr. Z. W. Furber of Weathersfield to Miss Caroline Edgerton. In Orwell, Mr Samuel Woodward Jr. to Mrs Jane Martindale. In Salisbury, Mr Daniel Bidwell of Brandon to Miss Elizabeth Codman. In Burlington, Mr J. J. Starr to Miss Katherine Dubois. In Hartford, Mr Bartlett Dimick to Miss Lucy Tinney. In Washington City, Gen. Daniel S Donelson of Tennessee, to Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. Secretary Branch.

DIED,

In this village, very suddenly, Mrs Sarah, wife of Mr E. B. Booth, aged 21 years—A young lady much respected and beloved. Also, Miss Pamela Whiting, aged 28. Also, Mr Samuel Clark, 62. In Macon, Georgia, Mr Oliver A. Storrs, aged 33, formerly of this town. In Shoreham, Mrs Huldah, wife of Mr Clark Rich. In Addison, Miss Nancy, daughter of Mr Ira Everest, aged 17. In Benson, (drowned, in a mill-pond,) a son of Edward S. Howard, aged 9. In Burlington, Miss Maria, daughter of Mr Joseph Bostwick, 23. In Walden, Mr Benj. Webster, 87. In St. Johnbsury, Mr Philip Keech, 74. In Fairfield, Ebenezer Barlow, Esq. 60. In Montpelier, (while under the management of a Steam doctor,) Mr Kelso Gray. In Stow, Rev. Jonathan Newell, 81. In New-Haven, Miss Delia S. only daughter of Mr Henry S. Walker, aged 10. In Rutland, Mrs Susan, wife of Mr Chauncey D. Tuttle —Also, Miss Adeline, only daughter of Mr Reuben Smith. In New-London, N.H. Rev. Job Seamans, aged 82. In Peacham, Mrs Jane, widow of the late Hon. Wm. Chamberlin. In Poultney, Mr Asahel Pond, 66. In Guildhall, Mrs Sarah, wife of Mr John Crawford, 45. In Woodstock, Miss Martha A., daughter of Mr David Boynton of Stowe. In Liverpool, England, Rt. Hon. W. Huskisson, a distinguished statesman.

The ANNUAL EXHIBITIONS of the JUNIOR and SENIOR CLASSES, will be attended the week after next. The Senior Exhibition, at the College Chapel, on Wednesday Evening.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.—A Painting of great merit, bearing this title, is now exhibiting at the Masonic Hall, in this village. The design was from Sir Benjamin West; it was executed by one of his pupils, Mr. Dunlap, of New-York; and the subject of the painting is to be found in Revelation, chapter vi.

THE UNDERGRADUATE will be published the second and fourth Thursdays of each month—For $1.00 per annum, payable in all cases in advance.—MINER'S PRINT.